

**NATIONAL ENGINEERING
BOOK OF SONG AND VERSE**

An engineer's limit	3
Applied mathematics in engineering	3
Artsies	4
Ballad of eskimo nell	4
Barkeep, barkeep	10
Barnicle bill the sailor	10
Beer	12
Big fat woman	12
Cats on the rooftop	13
Caviar	14
Columbo	16
Do your balls hang low	17
Early in the morning	17
Engineering	17
Farting contest	18
Four and twenty virgins	20
Gang bang	22
Ghost fuckers	24
Girls from campus hall	25
God save the engineer	26
Godiva	27
Good guy's theme song	30
Grandfather's cock	31
Green grow the rashes-0	31
In the cellar of timberline lodge	32
In the morning	32
Ivan Skavinsky Skavar	33
Lulu	34
Merrily we roll the keg	36
Michael rode the girl next door	37
Mickey mouse	37
My ding-a-ling	38
My god how the money rolls in	39
Night of the king's castration	40
North atlantic squadron	41
Nympho's hymn of the republic	45
Ode to 4 letter words	46
Please don't burn our shithouse down	47
Red sweaters	47
Roll me over in the clover	48
Roll your leg over	49
Sam Hall	50
Show me the way to go home	51
Sing a song of 69	51
Swing low sweet chariot	52
The 69 comes down the track	53
The alphabet	53
The civils are in town	54
The mailman	55

The more vulgar minded	55
The night before christmas	56
The wild west show	58
The winnipeg whore	59
The woodpecker's hole	60
Three artsy farts	61
Three german soldiers	61
Three old whores from waterloo	62
Tom Bolyn	63

AN ENGINEER'S LIMIT (FROGGY WENT A COURTYN')

An Engineer told me before he died
And I've no reason to believe he lied
He knew a woman with a cunt so wide
That she just couldn't be satisfied.

So he built a prick of steel
Driven by a bloody great wheel
Two brass balls filled with cream
And the whole fucking issue
Was driven with steam

Round and round
Went the bloody great wheel
In and out went the prick of steel
'Till at last the maiden cried
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied."

Up and up went the level of steam
Down and down went the level of cream,
'Till again the maiden cried
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied."

Now we come to the bitter bit
There was no way of stopping it
She was split from ass to tit
And the whole fucking issue
Was covered in shit.

APPLIED MATHEMATICS IN ENGINEERING

An Engineer measured to see
What the shape of his hard-on would be
Within his erection,
Five points of inflection:
Its equation was seventh degree.

To figure the overall size,
A differential, he thought, would be wise.
But the length of extension,
Multiplied by the tension
Gave an answer back "As the crow flies."

But then he used his pencil and pad
Because of a brainstorm he had.
After one integration,
The resulting equation
Described it when flacid instead.

In computing seminal flow
It was first necessary to show
That by matrix reduction
And felatio suction
The derived Reynold's number stays low.

The natural rate of vibration,
Was related to phallic dilation,
For when the shaft thickens,
The vibration quickens
By direct exponential relation.

But to do the proof rigorously,
He should not have ignored gravity,
He gave up, confused,
Cooke's constant was used,
And he finished it off 'QED'.

ARTSIES (Jingle Bells)

Engineers are
Lots of fun
Anytime or place
Cum along and sing our song
And sit upon our face OHHHHH

Day or night
Spring or fall
We are lots of fun
Artsies are sweet fuck all
'cause we are number 1.

THE BALLAD OF ESKIMO NELL

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold
and the end of his knob turns blue,
When its bent in the middle like a one string
fiddle and he can tell a yarn or two.

So find me a seat and stand me a drink and a
tale to you I'll tell;
Of Dead-eye Nick and Mexico Pete and the
gentle Eskimo Nell.

Now when Dead-eye Nick and Mexico Pete are
sore, depressed and mad,
'Tis a cunt that generally bears the brunt so
the shootin' ain't so bad.

Now Dead-eye Nick and Mexico Pete had been
hunting in Dead Man's Creek.
And they'd had no luck in the way of a fuck
for nigh on half a week.

Just a moose or two or a caribou and a bison
cow or so,
And for Dead-eye Dick with his kingly prick
this fucking was mighty slow.

So do or dare this horny pair set out for the
Rio Grande.
Dead-eye Dick with his muscular prick and
Pete with his gun in his hand.

They blazed a trail and no man in their path
withstood.
And many a bride who was hubby's pride knew
pregnant widowhood.

They made the strand of the Rio Grande, at
the height of a blazing noon,
And to slack their thirst and to their worst
they sought Black Mike's saloon.

As the swing doors opened wide, both prick
and gun flashed free
"According to sex, you bleedin' wrecks, you
drinks or fucks with me."

Now they's heard of the prick called Dead-eye
Dick from the Horn of Panama.
And with nothing worse than a muttered curse
those cowhands sought the bar.

The women too knew knew his playful ways on
the Rio Grande.
And forty whores too down their drawers at
Dead-eye Dicks command.

They saw the fingers of Mexico Pete twitch on
the trigger grip,
Twas death to wait; at a fearful rate those
whores began to strip.

Now Dead-eye Dick was breathing quick with
leacherous snorts and grunts.
As forty arses were bared to to view to say
nothing of forty cunts.

Now forty arses and forty cunts you'll see if
you use your wits,
And rattle a bit of arithmetic that's
likewise eighty tits.

And eighty tits is a gladsome sight for a man
with a raging stand.
They may be rare in Berkeley Square, but not
on the Rio Grande.

Our Dead-eye Dick he fucks 'em quick, so he
backed and took a run,
He made a dart at the nearest tart and scored
a bull in one.

He bore her to the sandy floor and fucked her
deep and fine,
And though she grinned it put the wind up the
other thirty-nine.

Our Dead-eye Dick he fucks 'em quick, and
flinging the first aside,
He was making a run at the second quim when
the the swing doors open wide.

And into the hall of sin and vice, into the
harlot's hell,
Strode a gentle maid who was unafraid, and
her name was Eskimo Nell.

Our Dead-eye Dick who fucks 'em quick was
well into number two.
When Eskimo Nell lets out a yell and says to
him "Hey - you."

The hefty lout he turned about, both nob and
face were red,
With a single flick of his mighty prick, the
tart flew o'er his head.

But Eskimo Nell she stood it well and looked
him in the eyes,
With the utmost scorn she glimpsed the horn
that rose from his hairy thighs.

She blew a puff from her cigarette onto his
steaming nob,
So utterly beat was Mexico Pete that he
forgot to do his job.

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell in
accents calm and cool, "You cunt-struck
Shrimp of a Yankee pimp, do you call that
thing a tool?"

"If this here town can't take that down," she
sneered to the cowering whores,
"There's one little cunt that can do the
stunt, - it's Eskimo Nell's not yours."

She shed her garments one by one with an air
of conscious pride,
Till at last she stood in her womanhood, and
they saw the great divide.

She laid right down on the table top where
someone had left a glass,
With a twitch of her tits she crushed it to
bits between the cheeks of her ass.

She bent her knees with supple ease and
opened her legs apart,
With a final nod to the randy sod she gave
him the cue to start.

But Dead-eye Dick with his king of a prick
prepared to take his time,
For a girl like this was a fucking bliss -
and so he staged a pantomime.

He winked his asshole in and out, and made
his balls inflate,
Untill they looked like granite knobs on top
of a garden gate.

He rubbed his foreskin up and down - his nob
increased in size,
His mighty prick grew twice as thick and
almost reached his eyes.

He polished the rod with Rum and gob to make
it steaming hot,
And to finish the job he sprinkled the nob
with a cayenne pepper pot.

He didn't back to take a run, not yet a
flying leap;
But bent right down and came alongside with a
steady flowing creep.

Then took a sight as a gunman might along his
mighty tool,
And shoved his lust with a dexterous thrust -
firm, calculating, cool.

Have you seen the massive pistons on the
giant C.P.R.?
With a punishing force of a thousand horses -
you know what pistons are.

Or you think you do, but you've yet to learn
the awe-inspiring fuck,
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run by
a man like Dead-eye Dick.

But Eskimo Nell was an infidel - she equalled
a whole harem,
With the strength of ten in her abdomen and
her rock of ages beam.

Amidships she could stand the rush like the
flush of a water closet,
So she grasped his cock like a Chatwoot lock
on the National Safe Deposit.

She lay for awhile with a subtle smile while
the grip of her cunt grew keener
Then giving a sigh she sucked him dry with
the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

She performed this in a way so neat as to set
a complete defiance,
The primary cause and the basic laws that
govern sexual science.

She calmly rode through his phallic code
which for years had stood the test,
And the ancient laws of the Classic school in
a moment or two went west.

And now my friends we draw to the end of this
copulating epic.
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick and
akin to anaesthetic.

He slipped to the floor and he knew no more -
his passions extinct and dead.
He didn't shout as his tool came out; it was
stripped down to a thread.

Mexico Pete, he sprang to his feet, to avenge
his pal's affront.
With a fearful jolt he drew his colt and
rammed it up her cunt.

He shoved it up to the trigger grip and fired
three times three,
But to his surprise she rolled her eyes and
smiled in ecstasy.

She leaped to her feet with a smile so sweet,
"Bully," she said, "for you,
Though I might have guessed it's about the
best phony leachers do.

When next your friend and you intend to sally
forth for fun,
Buy Dead-eye Dick a sugar stick, and get
yourself a bun.

I'm going back to the frozen North, to the
land where spunk is spunk,
Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream, but
a solid frozen chunk.

Back to land where they understand what it
means to fornicate,
Where even the dead sleep two in bed and the
infants copulate.

Back to the land of the mighty stand, where
the nights are six months long,
Where the polar bear wacks off in his lair,
that's where they'll sing this song.

They'll tell this tale on the arctic trail
where the nights are sixty below,
Where it's so damn cold, french letters are
sold wrapped in a ball of snow.

In a valley of death with baited breath it's
there we sing it too,
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle
and the mouldering corpses screw.

BARKEEP, BARKEEP
(Daisy, daisy)

Barkeep, barkeep, give me your answer true
I'm half crazy over your foamy brew
I don't have any money
But wouldn't I look funny
Starin at you across the bar
Without a drink in my hand.

BARNICLE BILL THE SAILOR

"Who's that knocking on my door?
Who's that knocking on my door?
Who's that knocking on my door?"
Cried the fair young maiden.

"It's only me from over the sea"
Says Barnicle Bill the Sailor,
"I'm hard to windward and hard alee"
Says Barnicle Bill the Sailor,
"I've newly come upon the shore,
and this is what I'm looking for,
A jade, a maid, or even a whore"
Says Barnicle Bill the Sailor.

"I'll come down and let you in,
I'll come down and let you in,
I'll come down and let you in,"
Cried the fair young maiden.

"Well hurry before I bust the door"
Says Barnicle Bill the Sailor,
"My arse is tight, my temper's raw"
Says Barnicle Bill the Sailor,
"I'm looking for meat or I'm going to pop,
I'm so wound up I'm afraid to stop,
A rag, a bone with a cherry on top"
Says Barnicle Bill the Sailor.

"Oh, your whiskers scrape my cheeks,
Oh, your whiskers scrape my cheeks,
Oh, your whiskers scrape my cheeks,"
Cried the fair young maiden.

"I'm dirty and lousy and full of fleas",
Says Barnicle Bill the Sailor,
"I'll put my mast in whom I please",
Says Barnicle Bill the Sailor,
"My flowing whiskers give me class,
The seahorses eat them instead of grass,
If they hurt your cheeks, they'll tickle your
Ass", says Barnicle Bill the Sailor.

"Tell me that we'll soon be wed,
Tell me that we'll soon be wed,
Tell me that we'll soon be wed,"
Cried the fair young maiden.

"You foolish girl, it's nothing but sport",
Says Barnicle Bill the Sailor,
"I've got a wife in every port",
Says Barnicle Bill the Sailor,
"Off I'll go on another tack,
So give some other fair maiden a crack,
But keep it oiled 'till I get back",
Says Barnicle Bill the Sailor,

BEER
(Hair)

Well, give us a glass of beer,
Tall beautiful beer;
Frosty, foamy, cool, delicious beer.
Fill me up to here, Beer
Fill me up higher, higher
Beer, baby come on mama, give us all another
glass of beer, beer, beer, beer
Mug it Slug it, Long as we can cut it, our
beer

BIG FAT WOMAN

I got a big, fat, woman,
I got a big, fat, woman,
I got a big, fat, woman,
I got a big, fat, woman,
I got a big, fat, woman,
Got a big, fat, woman,
Got a big, fat, woman,

Second verse, same as the first;

Third verse, gets worse;

Fourth verse, sounds like a curse.

CATS ON THE ROOFTOP

When you wake up in the morning
With a belly full of foy
And your wife's got her rags on
And your daughter's feeling coy,
Well, shove up tha arsehole
Of your eldest boy,
As you revel in the joys of fornication.

Chorus:

Cats on the rooftop,
Cats on the tiles,
Cats with syphilis
Cats with piles.
Cats with their arseholes wreathed in smiles,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The hippopotamus, so it seems,
Very, very seldom has wet dreams.
But when he does, it comes in streams
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The donkey is a funny bloke
He very seldom has his poke.
But when he does, he lets it soak
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

When a duck wants to fuck
He's got to find a duck.
And a horse for intercourse
Will have to find a horse.
But a man as it's planned
Can take it in his hand
And revel in the joys of masturbation.

The osterich in the desert is a solitary chick,
Without the opportunity to dip its wick,
But whenever it does it, it slips in thick
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The elephant's cock is big and round,
A small one scales a thousand pounds,
As they revel in the joys of fornication.

The camel likes to have his fun,
His night is made when he is done,
He always gets two humps for one,
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The orang-utan is a colourful sight,
There is a glow on his arse like a pilot
light,
As it jumps and leaps in the night,
As it revels in the joys of fornication.

The oyster is a paragon of purity,
And you can't tell the he from she,
But he can tell and so can she,
As they revel in the joys of fornication

A thousand verses all in rhyme,
To sit and sing them seems a crime,
When we could better spend out time,
Revelling in the joys of fornication.

CAVIAR

Caviar comes from the sturgeon,
The male sturgeon is a very fine fish,
The virgin sturgeon needs no urgin'
That's why caviar is my dish.

I fed caviar to my girlfriend,
She was a virgin tried and true,
Now that virgin needs no urgin,
There's not a thing that she won't do.

I fed caviar to a sailor,
He had sailed the seven seas,
Now that sailor has a whaler,
Hanging down between his knees.

I fed caviar to a rooster,
He has more than forty wives,
Now that rooster's back in business,
And the hend run for their lives.

I fed caviar to my grandpa,
He was a man of ninety-three,
Shouts and screams were heard from grandma,
He had chased her up a tree.

I fed caviar to my uncle,
He's the age of ninety-eight,
Now he chases 'round with women,
And has been arrested twice for rape.

I fed caviar to an artsman,
Who wouldn't answer Nature's call,
But even caviar couldn't help him,
'Cause he had no balls at all.

Shad roe comes from a harlot shadfish,
Shadfish has a sorry fate,
A pregnant shadfish is a sad fish,
She gets that way without a mate.

Oysters are prolific bihalves,
They young ones in their shell,
How they diddle is a riddle,
But they do - so what the hell.

The green sea-turtle's mate is happy,
With her lover's winning ways,
First he'll grip her with his flipper,
Then he flips for days and days.

The lady clam is optimistic,
Shoots her eggs out in the sea,
She hopes her shooter, as a shooter,
Hits the self same spot as she.

Give a thought to the canny codfish,
Ever there when duty calls,
The female codfish is an odd fish,
From her too, come codfish balls.

The trout is but a little salmon,
Just half grown and minus scales,
Yet the trout, just like the salmon,
Can't get on without his tails.

Lucky creatures are the rayfish,
When a little they essay,
Yea, my hearties, they have parties,
In the good old-fashioned way.

Chorus:

He knew the world was round-o,
His cock hung to the ground-o,
That masturbating, flagellatin'
Son of a bitch, Columbo.

In fourteen hundred and ninety two,
A gob from old Italy,
Was walkin' the streets of Spain,
A-peddlin' hot tamalie.

He met the Queen of Spain and said,
"Just give me ships and cargo,
And hang me up 'till I'm dead,
If I don't bring back Chicago."

"Take your time," says Isabelle,
"And don't forget essentials,
Come with me to my boudoir,
I'll check your credentials."

She gave her guest no time for rest,
The pace was something wicked,
Why, every hour on the clock,
She grabbed him by the cock.

For forty nights and forty days,
They sailed the broad Atlantic,
Columbus and his lousy crew,
For want of tail were frantic.

Now Columbus had a one eyed mate,
He loved him like a brother,
Every night at half-past eight,
They buggered one another.

We spied a whore upon the shore,
Off went coats and collars,
In twenty minutes, by the clock,
She made ten thousand dollars.

Then with happy shouts they ran aboard,
And practiced fornication,
And when they sailed they left behind,
Ten times the population.

Chorus:

Way Hey and up she rises
Way Hey and up she rises
Way hey and up she rises
Early in the morning.

Lyin' on the beach with her legs wide open
Fire in her eyes and her cunt still smokin'
She's been fucked and I aint jokin'
Early in the morning.

Father he was so disgusted
Seeing his daughter's cherry busted
Mother she was so suprised
Seeing her daughter with cum in her eyes
Early in the morning.

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW

Do your balls hang low?
Do they wiggle to and fro?
Can you tie them in a knot?
Can you tie them in a bow?
If you got a wee bit bolder
Could you sling'm on your shoulder?
Do your balls hang low?

Do your balls hang low?
Can you swing'em in an arc?
Can you sit astride your genitals
And roll through Central Park?
Can you juggle them in in tune
To the rythm of "High Noon"?
Do your balls hang low?

ENGINEERING
(Clementine)

We're the guys that build your bridges,
And construct your power lines.
Though we never have much money,
We always have a damn good time.

Chorus:

Engineering, engineering,
Engineering all the time.
Engineering, engineering,
Engineering praise be thine.

And as workers we're not loafers,
And we use our heads all the time.
We're on the job with steel and concrete,
And at throwing bricks we shine.

Put your specs on, lamp us over,
You'll admit that we look fine.
It's a pity there ain't millions,
Made up from the same design.

FARTING CONTEST

I'll tell you a tale that is sure to please
Of a grand farting contest at shit-on-please
Where all the best asses parade in the fields
To compete in the contest for various shields

Some tighten their asses and fart up the scale
To compete for a cup and a barrel of ale
While others whose assholes are biggest and strongest
Compete in the section for loudest and longest

Now this year's event had drawn a big crowd
And the betting was even on Mrs McLeod
For it had appeared in the evening edition
That this lady's ass was in perfect condition

Now old Mrs Jones had a perfect backside
Half a forest of hairs with a wart on each side
And she fancied her chance of winning with ease
Having trained on a diet of cabbage and peas

The vicar arrived and ascended the stand
And thus he addressed this remarkable band
"The contest is on as is shown in the bills
We've precluded the use of injections and pills"

Mrs Bindle arrived amid roars of applause
And promptly proceeded to pull down her drawers
For tho' she'd no chance in the farting display
She'd the prettiest cheeks you'd seen in a day

Now young Mrs Pothole was backed for a place
Though she'd often been placed in the deepest disgrace
By dropping a fart that had beaten the organ
And the poor vicar, old Jonathan Morgan

The ladies lined up, the signal to start
And winning the toss Mrs Jones took first fart
The people around stood in silence and wonder
While the wireless announced gale warnings and thunder

Now Mrs McLeod reckoned nothing of this
She'd had some weak tea and was all wind and piss
so she took up her place with her cheeks opened wide
But unluckily shit and was disqualified

Then young Mrs Pothole was called to the front
And started by doing a wonderful stunt
She took a deep breath and clenching her hands
She blew the whole roof off the popular stands

That left Mrs Bindle who shyly appeared
And smiled at the clergy who lustily cheered
And though it was reckoned her chances were small
She ran out a winner, outfarting them all

With hands on her hips she stood farting alone
And the crowd stood amazed at the sweetness of tone
And the clergy agreed without hindrance or pause
And said, "First to Mrs Bindle, now pull up your drawers

But with muscles well tensed and legs full apart
She started a final and glorious fart
Beginning with Chopin and ending with Queen
She went right up the scale to God Save the Queen

She went to the rostrum with maidenly gait
And took from the vicar a set of gold plate
Then she turned to the vicar with sweetness sublime
And smilingly said, "Come and see me some time"

FOUR AND TWENTY VIRGINS

Well there are four and twenty virgins,
Down from Inverness,
When the ball was over,
There were four and twenty less.

Chorus:
Singin',
Balls to your partner,
Ass against the wall
If you've never been fucked by an Engineer,
You've never been fucked at all.

The village parson he was there,
And he was surprised to see,
Four and twenty maidenheads,
A hanging from a tree.

The village magician he was there,
He had a dandy trick,
He'd pull his foreskin over his head,
And vanish up his prick.

The village cripple he was there,
He wasn't up to much,
He stood the girls against the wall,
And did 'em with his crutch.

Little Johnny he was there,
He was only eight,
They sat him on a table,
And taught him to masturbate.

The village smithy he was there,
His balls were made of brass,
And every time he danced around,
Sparks flew out his ass.

There was fucking on the stairways,
There was fucking on the stairs,
You couldn't see the carpets,
For the cunts and curly hairs.

Grandma, oh grandma,
Sittin' by the fire,
Making contraceptives,
From an old rubber tire.

The bride was in the kitchen,
Explaining to the groom,
The vagina, not the rectum,
Is the entrance to the womb.

The village doctor he was there,
His scalpel in his hand,
And every time he danced around,
He circumcised the band.

The parson's daughter she was there,
And she was having fits,
A jumping off the mantelpiece,
And landing on her tits.

The village idiot he was there,
And up in front he sat,
Amusing himself by abusing himself,
And catching it in his hat.

The village whore she was there,
Swinging from the chandelier,
A drippin' menstrual fluid,
Into everybody's beer.

The deacon's daughter she was there,
A sitting way up front,
A ring of roses round her neck,
And a carrot up her cunt.

There was fucking in the haylofts,
There was fucking in the ricks,
You couldn't hear the music,
For the swishing of the pricks.

The vicar and his wife were there,
Having lots of fun,
The vicar had his finger,
Up another lady's bum.

The chimney sweep well, he was there,
But he had to get the boot,
For every time he passed his wind,
The room was filled with soot.

The village butcher he was there,
His carving knife in hand,
And every time he swung around,
He circumcised the band.

The doctor's daughter she was there,
She went to gather sticks,
She couldn't find a blade of grass,
For cunts and standing pricks.

And when the ball was over,
Everyone confessed,
They all enjoyed the dancing,
But the fucking was the best.

GANGBANG

Knock knock
Who's there?
Sheila
Sheila who?
She loves to ...

Chorus:

... Gangbang, She always will
Because a gangbang gives her such a thrill.
When she was younger and in her prime,
She used to gangbang all the time.
But now she's older and turning grey,
She only gangbangs twice a day.

K.K.W.TH?
Eisenhower
Eisenhower who?
I's an hour late for the ...

K.K.W.TH?
Washington
Washington who?
Washing a ton of sheets after the ...

K.K.W.TH?
Claira
Claira who?
Claira place off the table for the ...

K.K.W.TH?
Nixon
Nixon who?
Nex' in line for the ...

K.K.W.TH?
Herb
Herb who?
Her brother loves to ...

K.K.W.TH?
Erma
Erma who?
Her mother loves to ...

K.K.W.TH?
Mona
Mona who?
Moan a little louder and we'll all join the ...

K.K.W.TH?
Uripities
Uripities who?
Uripities her pants off for the ...

K.K.W.TH?
Betty
Betty who?
Betty didn't know it was his girl on the
bottom of the pile at the ...

K.K.W.TH?
Ida
Ida who
Ida love a ...

K.K.W.TH?
Charlie Pride
Charlie Pride who?
Charlie Pride her pants off at the ...

K.K.W.TH?
Wilma
Wilma who?
Wilma finger keep me satisfied 'till the next ...

Sung by the whore house quartet:

Have you got a hard on?
Not yet.
Are you going to get one?
You bet.
How sweet it is.

GHOST FUCKERS

An old cow poke lit up a smoke and cursed the
desert heat.
He rode his mount upon a knoll and stopped to
beat his meat.
A cross-eyed bitch came riding up that hot
and dusty trail,
He slapped her on the ass and said "How 'bout
a piece of tail?"

YIPPY I IIIII YIPPY I OOOOO GHOST FUCKERS IN
THE SKY.

Her tits were big and flabby and her cunt was
lined with crabs,
He threw her on the desert sand and started
making stabs,
She moaned, she groaned, she pissed, she
roared, she threw him from her crack,
He landed on the desert sand and broke his
fucking back.

YIPPY I IIIII YIPPY I OOOOO GHOST FUCKERS IN
THE SKY.

He picked himself up from the sand and gave
that bitch a wack.
He whipped her with his pistol butts and
kicked her in the crack.
He beat her with his rifle butt and pissed in
both her eyes,
The moral of this story is don't fuck with
Engineering Guys.

THE GIRLS FROM CAMPUS HALL

We go to college, we're oversexed,
Just stand in lines boys, you may be next,
We're highly educated,
We're educated,
We are from Campus Hall.

We go to college, don't we have fun?
If we havn't done it, it can't be done,
We know a hundred,
Ways to get plundered,
We are from Campus Hall.

We go to college. We major in bed.
Ten to a dorm: not one maidenhead.
We could have saved it,
But oh, how we craved it.
We are from Campus Hall.

We go to college. Each Christmas dance,
We don't wear bras, we don't wear pants.
We like to give the freshmen a chance,
We are from Campus Hall.

We go to college. We can be had.
Don't take our word, just ask for dear old dad.
He brings his buddies for graduate studies.
We are from Campus Hall.

We go to college. We fly this flag,
Down with the shy boys, down with the fag,
We want a man who wants to and can.
We are from Campus Hall.

We go to college. Oil up your gun,
We'll show you how it ought to be done.
We're just out for some fun,
We are from Campus Hall.

GOD SAVE THE ENGINEER

God save the Engineer,
Feed him on rum and beer,
The Engineer.
He loves his old slide rule,
As a cat really cool
Stubborn as a long-eared mule,
The Engineer.

God save the Engineer,
Of life he has no fear,
The Engineer.
He chases girls like mad,
Just like his dear old dad,
Honour bound to be a cad,
The Engineer.

God save the Engineer,
He thinks all girls are dear,
The Engineer.
Short skirts are really in,
They show just enough skin.
They love girls fat or thin,
The Engineer.

God save the Engineer,
Fill him up full of beer,
The Engineer.
Loves girls with wriggly rears,
Really gives them the gears,
Calls them all kinds of dears,
The Engineer.

God save the Engineer,
He loves his whiskey clear,
The Engineer.
Fill him up full of Schnapps,
Then he is really tops,
Fighting with dirty cops,
The Engineer.

God save the Engineer,
He thinks artsies are queer,
The Engineer.
Fairies with long, long hair,
Brains that just are not there,
They hate with passion rare,
The Engineer.

God save the Engineer,
He loves his mother dear,
The Engineer.
He was always the same,
Him she could never tame,
Lives for his day of fame,
The Engineer.

GODIVA

Chorus:

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the
Engineers.
We can, we can, we can, we can demolish forty
beers,
Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum, and come
along with us,
For we don't give a damn for any damn man
who don't give a damn for us.

Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did
ride,
To show to all the villagers her lovely bare
white hide,
The most observant man on earth, an Engineer
of course,
Was the only one who noticed that Godiva rode
a horse.

She said, "I've come a long, long way and the
man will go as far,
Who takes me off this God-damned horse and
leads me to the bar.
The men who took her off the horse and stood
her to a beer,
Were a bleary-eyed surveyor and a drunken
Engineer.

My father was a miner on the upper malemute,
My mother was a hostess in a house of ill
repute,
They kicked me out at a tender age and never
shed a tear,
"Get out of here you son-of-a-bitch, go join
the Engineers."

The Army and the Navy were out to have some
fun,
Looking for a tavern where the firey liquors
run,
All they found were empties, for the
Engineers had come,
And traded all their instruments for gallon
jugs of rum.

An Artsman and an Engineer once found a
gallon can,
Said the Artsman, "Match me drink for drink,
and prove that you're a man."
They drank three drinks, the Artsman died,
his face was turning green,
The Engineer drank on and cried, "It's only
gasoline"

I happened once upon a girl whose eyes were
full of fire,
Her physical endowments would make your hands
perspire,
To my great surprise, she said she had never
been kissed,
For her boyfriend was a worn out Engineering
Physist.

A maiden and an Engineer were sitting in the
park,
The Engineer was busy doing research in the
dark,
His scientific method was a wonder to
observe,
His left hand took the readings while his
right hand traced the curves.

Now Venus was a statue made entirely of
stone,
There's not a fig leaf on her, she is naked
as a bone.
On seeing that her arms had gone, an Engineer
discoursed,
"Of course the damn thing is broken, concrete
should be reinforced."

Sir Francis Drake and all his ships sailed up
to Calais Bay,
'Cause they had heard the Spanish rum fleet
was headed up that way.
But the Engineers had beat them by a night
and half a day.
And though they were tight as virgins, you
could hear them say:

An Engineer once came to class so very drunk
and late,
He was carrying a load that you would expect
to ship by freight.
The only thing that held him up and kept him
on his course,
Was the boundary conditions plus
electromotive force.

Said the beauty to the Engineer, "My beer is
getting warm.
Unless some more is brought to me, I'll
retire to the dorm."
The Engineer said, "Go to hell, I'm not a
money tree,
If you're so goddamn thirsty, you can buy a
beer for me"

My mother peddles opium, my father's on the
dole.
My sister used to walk the streets, but now
she's on parole.
My brother runs a restaurant with some
bedrooms in the rear,
But I'm the black sheep of the lot, 'cause
I'm an Engineer.

Now Caesar went to Egypt at the age of fifty-
three,
But Cleopatra's blood was red, her heart was
warm and free,
And every night when Caesar said good-bye at
one o'clock,
A Roman Engineer was waiting just around the
block.

After reading Kama Sutra he tried position
nine,
For proving his virility it truly was divine.
One day he happened on a girl who threw him
on his rear,
For he was a feeble artsie while she was an
Engineer.

Godiva was a lady well-endowed there was no
doubt.
She never wore a stitch of clothes, just wound
her hair about,
The first man ever made her was an Engineer
of course,
But on one beer an artsie queer once made
Godiva's horse.

So now you've heard our story, and you know
we're Engineers,
And like all hearty fellows, we drink our
whiskey clear.
We drink to every fellow who comes from far
and near,
Cause we're a hell-of-a hell-of-a hell-of-a
hell-of-a hell-of-an Engineer.

GOOD GUY'S THEME SONG
(Bye Bye Black Bird)

Big or small, thick or thin,
Vaseline gets us in.
We're the good guys.

We ain't got a helluva lot,
But what we got will fill your twat.
That's the good guys.

We pick up girls and take them to the
wildwoods,
And there we take advantage of their
childhoods.
We're the good guys.

Hoist some ass and shake a tit,
Guide our pricks into your slits.
Good guys that's us.

GRANDFATHER'S COCK

Grandfather's cock was too long for his jock,
So it dragged ninety years on the floor.
It was taller by half then the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a penny-weight more.
It stood on the morn of the day he was born,
And was always his pleasure and pride,
But it dropped short, never to rise again,
When the old man died.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES-O

Chorus:

Green grow the rashes-o, green grow the
rashes-o
The sweetest beds I ever had were the bellies
of the lasses-o
Green grow the rashes-o, green grow the
rashes-o
The lasses all have luscious lips,
The windows they've got gashes-o.

We all fall for eating of it,
We all die for drinking of it,
The parson kissed the fiddler's wife
And couldn't preach for thinking of it.

Now there's a pious lass in town,
Godly Lizzy Lundy-o.
She mounts the peak throughout the week,
But fingers it on Sunday-o.

Lizzy is of large dimension,
There is no doubt about it,
The soccer team went in last night,
And none has yet come out of it.

IN THE CELLAR OF TIMBERLINE LODGE
(The Caisson Song)

Chorus:

Give a cheer, give a cheer
For the boys who brew the beer
In the cellar of Timberline Lodge
They are brave, they are bold
And the liquor they can hold
Is a story that's never been told.

So it's guzzle, guzzle, guzzle
As it trickles down your muzzle
Drink up and never go dry
We will hoist one more
While they're bustin' down the door
To the cellar of Timberline Lodge.

Roll it out, roll it out
As the seventh keg goes out
In the cellar of Timberline Lodge
Turn the tap, turn the tap
Or remove the bottle cap
In the cellar of Timberline Lodge

IN THE MORNING

Nothing could be finer
Than to be in her vaginer
In the morning.

Nothing could be sweeter
Than to spread her legs and eat her
In the morning.

And if I had a twelve inch prick for
only a day
I'd stick it in her mouth just to
hear her say
Harumph, Harumph, Harumph, Harumph
In the morning.

IVAN SKAVINSKY SKAVAR

The harems of Egypt are fine to behold
The harlots the fairest of fair
But the finest of all is owned by a shiek
Named Abdul Abulbul Emir.

A travelling brothel came down from the north
Twas privately owned by the Tzar.
He wagered a hundred no one could outshag
Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

They arrived at the track with their cocks at
the slack
The starter's gun punctured the air.
They were both quick to rise
The crowd gaped at the size of
Abdul Abulbul Emir.

All hairs were shorn, no french safes were
worn
This suited old Abdul by far
He had quite set his mind on a fast action
grind
To beat Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

They worked all the night, through the pale
yellow light
Old Abdul, he revved like a car
But he couldn't compete with the slow, steady
beat
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

So Ivan he won and he shouldered his gun
And he bent down to polish the pair
When something red-hot up his back passage
shot
'Twas Abdul Abulbul Amir.

The harlots turned green, the crowd shouted
"Queen"
They were ordered apart by the Tzar
But the cream of the joke came when they
broke
'Twas laughed at for years by the Tzar
Old Abdul, the fool, he left half his tool
Up Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Some girls work in factories,
some girls work in stores,
Lulu works in a knocking ship,
With fifty other whores.

Chorus:

Wang, bang Lulu,
Bang her hard and strong,
What'll we do for bangin',
When Lulu's dead and gone.

Lulu ran a whorehouse,
The finest in the town,
Fifty cents standin' up,
A dollar lying down.

City girls use vaseline,
Country girls use lard,
Lulu uses axle grease,
And bangs them twice as hard.

Some girls fuck in Cadillacs,
Some girls fuck in Fords,
Lulu fucks on bedsprings,
To pay her room and board.

Lulu had twin babies,
Born on Christmas Day,
She bashed one in with a bottle of gin,
But the little one got away.

I took her to the pictures,
We sat down in the stalls,
And every time the lights went out,
She grabbed me by the balls.

I wish I was a tiny spot,
Upon my Lulu's hand,
And every time she scratched her twat,
I'd see the promised land.

Lulu had a baby,
She called it Tiny Tim,
They put him in the piss pot,
To see if he could swim.

He sank to the bottom,
He floated to the top,
Lulu got excited,
And grabbed him by the cock.

I wish I were a chamber pot,
Under Lulu's bed,
And every time she took a piss,
I'd see her maidenhead.

Lulu had a baby,
It was an awful shock,
She couldn't call it Lulu,
'Cause the bastard had a cock.

Some girls use a napkin,
Some girls stuff with rags,
But Lulu is so bloody tough,
She uses burlap bags.

Some girls live in mansions,
Some girls live in shacks,
Lulu lives in a whorehouse,
Just across the tracks.

Lulu had a chicken,
She also had a duck,
She put them on the table,
To see if they would fuck.

Lulu has a boyfriend,
His name is Diamond Dick,
She never sees his diamond,
But always sees his prick.

Lulu's good at baseball,
She always gets a hit,
And when she runs the bases,
We all grab her tit.

Lulu has a boyfriend,
Her boyfriend drives a truck,
Lulu likes her boyfriend,
Because he likes to fuck.

City girls use Kotex,
Country girls use rags,
Lulu couldn't give a shit,
She uses paper bags.

Lulu's good at hockey,
She always gets the puck,
And when she gets a goal,
We always get a fuck.

Lulu joined the army,
They sent her to the front,
The worst the enemy had to face,
Was the smell of Lulu's cunt.

The colonel called for Lulu,
She took off all his clothes.
She sucked him off between her teeth,
And blew it through her nose.

Lulu once got pregnant,
She didn't know what to do,
A doctor had it taken out,
So she could go and screw.

City girls get diamonds,
Country girls get glass,
The only ring that Lulu has,
Is the ring around her ass.

MERRILY WE ROLL THE KEG

Merrily we roll the keg,
roll the keg, roll the keg,
Merrily we roll the keg,
Across the bar-room floor.

Speedily we drink it down,
Drink it down, drink it down,
Speedily we drink it down,
Until there is no more.

Sadly now we roll it back,
Roll it back, roll it back,
Sadly now we roll it back,
Because there is no more.

MICHAEL RODE THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

Michael rode the girl next door,
How he screwed her,
Michael rode the girl next door,
How he screwed her.

Mrs. Jordan is chilly and wide,
How he screwed her,
Milk and honey on the other side,
How he screwed her.

Mrs. Jordan is chilly and cold,
How he screwed her,
On her belly she has a mole,
How he screwed her.

MICKY MOUSE

Who's the leader of the club,
That's right for you and me?
M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E,
Mickey Mouse, Mickey Mouse,
Forever let us hold our banners high,
High, high, high.

Come along and sing our song,
And join our company,
M-I-C see you real soon,
K-E-Y why? because we like you,
M-O-U-S-E.

I-N-T E-R-C O-U-R-S-E,
Intercourse ... uh ... uh,
Intercourse ... uh ... uh,
Forever let us hold our peckers high,
High, high, high.

Cum along and join the fun,
Create a family,
I-N-T ... twat,
E-R-C ... cunt,
O-U-R-S-E.

MY DING-A-LING

When I was a little bitty boy
My grandmother bought me a cute little toy
Silver bells hanging on a string
She told me it was my ding-a-ling. OH.

Chorus:

Girls .. My
Boys ... Ding-a-ling
Girls .. My
Boys ... Ding-a-ling
Girls .. I want you to play with my
Boys ... Ding-a-ling

Girls .. My
Boys ... Ding-a-ling
Girls .. My
Boys ... Ding-a-ling
Girls .. I want you to play with my
Boys ... Ding-a-ling

And then mama took me to grammar school
But I stopped off in the vestibule
Every time that bell would ring
Catch me playin' with my ding-a-ling-a-ling. OH.

Once I was climbing the garden wall
I slipped and had a terrible fall
I fell so hard, I heard bells ring
But held on to my ding-a-ling-a-ling. OH.

Once I was swimming 'cross turtle creek
Man, them snappers all around my feet
Sure was hard swimming 'cross that thing
With both hands holdin' my ding-a-ling-a-ling. OH.

This here song, it aint so sad
The cutest song you ever had
Those of you who will not sing
You must be playin' with your own ding-a-ling. OH.

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN
(My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

My father makes book on the corner
My mother makes second hand gin
My sister makes love for a quarter
My god, how the money rolls in.

Chorus:

Rolls in, rolls in
My god, how the money rolls in, rolls in
Rolls in, rolls in
My god, how the money rolls in.

My brother's a poor missionary
He saves fallen women from sin
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar
My god, how the money rolls in.

My grandpa's an artist and painter
He turns out a beautiful fin
He sells them ten cents on the dollar
My god, how the money rolls in.

My uncle he dabbles in numbers
As well as in poker and gin
He knows how to deal from the bottom
My god, how the money rolls in.

My aunt is a boarding house keeper
She takes little working girls in
They put a red light in the window
My god, how the money rolls in.

My grandma makes cheap prophylactics
She punctures the head with a pin
For grandpa gets rich from abortions
My god, how the money rolls in.

NIGHT OF THE KING'S CASTRATION

'Twas the night of the King's castration,
There were good accounts, bad accounts,
viscounts, and discounts;
Seated around a square table shooting
camel dung,
For 'twas in the days before bullshit was
invented.

Up strode the King in his diamond encrusted
jock,
"What hoe?" he said. "Bum hole", said David,
"Where is the Queen?" said David,
"In bed with diptheria"
"Diptherial That Greek bastard back again?"

For his insolence, David was thrown to the
lions,
He grabbed the first lion by the foreskin,
"Ouch", cried the lion, "That tickles",
"What tickles?" "Testicles"

The lion let loose with a mighty fart,
Shit flew at random, Random ducked,
It hit the King square in the face,
"Shit", cried the king,
There was a great movement in the crowd,
As twenty thousand loyal subjects stooped
and strained,
For in those days the King's word was law.

"Fuck me" cried the Queen,
And the bishop, who was a bit of a shit
anyway,
Grabbed her by the folds of her flabby ass,
And drew her on and laced her like an old
sea boot.

"Where is the Princess", cried Sir David,
"Fuck the Princess", growled the King,
And a thousand loyal subjects were trampled
in the rush.

NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON

'Twas on the good ship venus
My boys, you should have seen us
The figurehead was a whore in bed
And the mast was a rampant penis.

Chorus:

Away, away with fife and drum
Here we come, full of rum
Looking for women who peddle their bum
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The captain of this lugger
He was a filthy bugger
And he wasn't fit to shovel shit
And nor was any other.

The cabin boy, the cabin boy
The dirty little nipper
He stuffed his bum with bubble gum
And vulcanized the skipper.

The second night we were out to sea
The captain started buggery
The cabin boy was his pride and joy
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The ship's dog's name was Rover
We turned the poor thing over
And ground and ground that faithful hound
From Singapore to Dover.

The captain's pretty daughter
She fell into the water
Delighted squeals revealed that eels
Had found her sexual quarters.

The captain's wife was Mabel
Whenever she was able
She'd fornicate with the second mate
Upon the gally table.

The captain's name was Morgan
My god he was a gorgon
He lay on the deck, a physical wreck
From pulling his sexual organ.

There was a whore from Montreal
Who spread her legs from wall to wall
But all she got was sweet fuck all
From the North Atlantic Squadron.

A pretty maiden came on deck
The captain, he pursued her
The white of an egg rolled down her leg
The dirty bugger screwed her.

We met some girls from Gay Paree
We tickled them above the knee
They spread their legs so we could see
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The second mate's name was Carter
Good lord he was a farter
When the wind wouldn't blow and the ship wouldn't go
They'd use Carter's farter to start her.

The first mate's name was Wiggin
My god he had a big'un
Twice 'round the deck and up the mast
The rest was used for riggin'.

For forty days and forty nights
We sailed the north atlantic
With never a piece of tail in sight
and the crew grew nearly frantic.

Forty days from Singapore
We couldn't find a single whore
So we bored a hole and fucked the floor
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The captain's name was Etherington
His tool was wrinkled and weathered
He wasn't fit to shovel shit
From one ship to another.

The first mate's name was Harry
He only had one berry
But with that cracker he rolled terbaccer
Around the cabin wall.

The third mate's name was Gordon
A smiling victim of bordom
Three times a day he strummed away
Upon his sexual organ.

The captain loved the cabin boy
He loved him like a brother
And every night between the sheets
They cornholed one another.

In days of old when knights were bold
An women weren't particular
They lined them up against the wall
And shagged them perpendicular.

The eskimo women they are the shits
They have no cunts; they have no tits
They wack you off with a pair of mitts
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The second mate's name was Andy
My god he had a dandy
They squished his cock upon a rock
For pissing in the brandy.

The bos'n was of use to us
He painted his cock with phosphorus
And by its light one stormy night
He steered us through the Bosphorus.

The fireman's name was Randy
He was so very handy
In raising steam he was off his beam
But his prick was oh ... so handy.

And when we reached Siberia
The crew grew cheerier and cheerier
Each prostitute along the route
Grew wearier and wearier.

But at the China station
We tired of our occupation
And sank our junk in a sea of spunk
By mutual masturbation.

The boatswain's name was Lester
He was a hymen tester
Through hymens thick he shoved his prick
And left it there to fester.

The cabin boy was Kipper
A dirty little nipper
They stuffed his ass with broken glass
And circumcised the skipper.

Every night at half past eight
The captain and the gunner mate
Lay on the deck to masturbate
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

They smuggled aboard a hell of a whore
She's even taking it on the floor
And when you're done she'll ask for more
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

The mo said the girls were clean
The son of a bitch was off his beam
The end of my prick is turning green
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

In days of old when men were bold
And condoms weren't invented
They wrapped a sock around their cock
And babies were prevented.

We're off, we're off to Montreal
We'll fuck the women, we'll fuck them all
We'll pickle their cherries in alcohol
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

There was a whore from Singapore
Hung upside down inside a door
And she was left split worn and sore
By the North Atlantic Squadron.

In days of old when men were bold
And women weren't invented
They'd use the holes in telephone poles
And go away contented.

The newfie are sure no catch
All they do is pick and scratch
Pulling the crabs out of their snatch
In the North Atlantic Squadron.

NYMPHO'S HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC
(Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of a whore,
She settled down beside me and I fingered her
galore,
Her temperature kept rising 'cause of my
terribly swift sword,
The rigid tool keeps sliding in.

Chorus:

Lordie, Lordie hallelujah
My tool is pretty damn near thru
Lordie, Lordie hallelujah
You'll get it to no end.

We got a little tired and I finally took it
out,
She grabbed my big hard tool and she stuck it
in her mouth,
I got my second wind and she finally took it
out,
We're back where we began.

We got a little tired so we went to 69,
She really didn't like it so I got her from
behind,
My head started exploding, I was going out of
my mind,
I made it once again.

Now you've heard my story and I hope you
learned it well,
And after reading this for sure you'll go to
hell,
I took you from the beginning and that's all
I'm going to tell,
If it's rigid it'll go in.

ODE TO FOUR LETTER WORDS

Banish the use of the four-letter words
Whose meanings are never obscure
The anglos, the saxons those hardy old birds
Were vulgar, obscene and impure.
But cherish the use of the weasling phrase
That never quite says what you mean
You'd better be known for your hypocrite ways
Than as vulgar, obscene and impure.

When nature is calling, plain speaking is out
When the ladies, God bless 'em are milling about
You may pee-wee, make water or empty the glass
You can powder your nose, even Johnny can pass
Shake the dew off the lily, see a man about a dog
When everyone's soused, it's condensing the fog
But please to remember, if you would know bliss
That only in Shakespeare do characters piss.

A woman has bosoms, a bust or a breast
Those lily-white swellings that bulge 'neath her vest
They are towers of ivory or sheaves of new wheat
In a moment of passion ripe apples to eat.
You may speak of her nipples as fingers of fire
With hardly a question of raising her ire
But by Rabbelais' beard, she will throw several fits
If you speak of them roundly as good honest tits.

It's a cavern of joy you're thinking of now
A warm tender field awaiting the plow
It's a quivering pigeon caressing your hand
Or the national anthem - it makes us all stand.
It is known amongst men as the centre of love
The hope of the world or a velvety glove
But friend heed this warning beware the affront
Of aping the saxon - don't call it a cunt.

Though a lady repel your advance, she'll be kind
As long as you intimate what's on your mind
You may tell her you're hungry, you need to be swung
You may ask her to see how your etchings are hung
Or mention the ashes that need to be hauled
Put the lid on her saucepan, even 'lay' is not too bald
But the moment you're forthright, get ready to duck
For the girl isn't born yet who'll stand for 'Let's Fuck'

So banish the words that Elizabeth used
When she was a queen on her throne
The modern maid's virtue is easily bruised
By the four letter words all alone.
Let your morals be clean as an alderman's vest
If your language is always obscure
Today not the act but the word is the test
Of the vulgar, obscene and impure.

PLEASE DON'T BURN OUR SHITHOUSE DOWN

Please don't burn our shithouse down
Mother is willing to play
Father's been run out of town
And Nell's in the family way.

My brother dear has gonorrhea
Don't make us shit in the rain
Little Bill has diarrhea
And he wants to go there again

Please don't burn our shithouse down
For times is fucking hard
And if you burn the damn thing down
We'll have to shit in the yard.

RED SWEATERS
(Easter Bonnet)

Put on your old red sweater
'Cause there isn't better
And we'll open up another keg of beer
'Cause it aint for knowledge
That we come to college
But to raise hell while we're here.

Put on your old grey bonnet
With the gin stains on it
And we'll break up another pile of junk
Then we'll drive like fury
To the Molson brewery
And boy will we get drunk.

ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER

Oh this is number one
And we've got her on the run
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.
Roll me over in the clover
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Oh this is number two
And my hand is on her shoe

Oh this is number three
And my hand is on her knee

Oh this is number four
And we're rolling on the floor

Oh this is number five
And the bee is in the hive

Oh this is number six
And the juices are starting to mix

Oh this is number seven
And we're in seventh heaven

Oh this is number eight
And the nurse is at the gate

Oh this is number nine
And the twins are doing fine

Oh this is number ten
And we're at it again

Oh this is number eleven
And we've started again from heaven

Oh this is number twelve
And she said, "Nukan jag sjalv."

Oh this is number twenty
And she said that that was plenty

Oh this is number thirty
And she said that that was dirty

Oh this is number forty
And she said, "Now you are naughty."

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

If all them young ladies were little white
rabbits,
I'd be a hare and I'd teach them bad habits.

Chorus:

Roll your leg over, roll your leg over
Roll your leg over the man on the moon.

If all them young ladies were rushes
a-growing,
I'd take out my scythe and I'd start out
a-mowing.

If all them young ladies was fish in the
ocean,
I'd be a shark and I'd raise a commotion.

If all them young ladies was sheep in the
clover,
I'd be a ram and I'd ram them all over.

If all them young ladies was little red vixen
I'd be a fox and I'd chase them and fix 'em.

If all them young ladies was grapes on a vine
I'd be a plucker and I'd have me a time.

If all them young ladies was bells in a tower
I'd be a sexton and I'd bang on the hour.

If all them young ladies was bricks in a pile
I'd be a mason and I'd lay 'em an style.

Now there's some who would hid 'em,
conceal 'em, and bind 'em,
But heaven forbid, I'm the one who would
find 'em.

If all them young ladies was up for
improvement
I'd give 'em all a ball-bearing movement.

If all them young ladies was singing this
song
It'd be five times as bawdy and ten times as
long.

SAM HALL

Oh my name it is Sam Hall, it is Sam Hall
How I hate you one and all
And I hate you short and tall
You're a bunch of muckers all
Damn your eyes, damn your eyes
You're a bunch of muckers all, damn your eyes.

Oh I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said
Oh I shot him in the head
Just to fill his mind with lead
And I left him there for dead
Damn his eyes, damn his eyes
And I left him there for dead, damn his eyes.

Oh the parson he did come, he did come
And he looked so bloody glum
As he talked of Kingdom Come
He can kiss my ruddy bum
Damn his eyes, damn his eyes
He can kiss my ruddy bum, damn his eyes.

Oh the sherrif he did come too, he come did too
With his bonnie boys in blue
Saying "Sam, we'll see you through"
They can take a flying floo
Damn their eyes, damn their eyes
They can take a flying floo, damn their eyes.

To the gallows I must go, I must go
With those bastards down below
Thinking that it's a bloody show
Shouting "Sam we told you so"
Damn their eyes, damn their eyes
Shouting "Sam we told you so", damn their eyes.

I saw Molly in the crowd, in the crowd
She was looking stooped and bowed
So I hollered right out loud
"Hey Molly ain't you proud?"
Damn her eyes, damn her eyes
"Hey Molly ain't you proud?", damn her eyes.

Now in heaven I do dwell, I do dwell
And the truth it is to tell
It is a bloody cell
All the whores are down in hell
Damn their eyes, damn their eyes
All the whores are down in hell, damn their eyes.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it went right to my head.
Wherever I may come
On land or sea or foam
You will always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home.

Guide me to my habitual abode
I'm fatigued and I wish to retire
I had a little nip sixty minutes ago
And it travelled to my cerebellum
Wherever I may ramble
On land or sea or effervescant vapour
You can always hear me humming this tune
Guide me to my habitual abode.

SING A SONG OF SIXTY-NINE (Clementine)

Sing a love song, sing of pain
Sing of pleasures, yours and mine
But in all your happy verses
Don't forget old sixty-nine.

It's immoral, it's indecent
It's repulsive ... but sublime
Though they tell me it's perversion
Still I like to sixty-nine.

Hint it subtly, don't appal her
She might feel it less than fine
Making love, but quite inversely
She might not take to sixty-nine.

Sneak up on her, do not startle
Let your kisses flow like wine
But descend, ah, gently, gently
As you sink to sixty-nine.

Let her fondle it, let her feel it
Virile tokens, one-third nine
With your equipment, then confront her
She may rise to sixty-nine.

Kinsey tells us eggheads do it
More than peasants (those aren't fine)
Tell her it's a cultured pleasure
She'll be hot for sixty-nine.

Once she learns how, once she tries it
She may never stay supine
(Tis a danger ... one must face it)
She'll only want to sixty-nine.

Thus I tell you, see ye to it
Lest your love get out of line
Spice your wooing, but don't rue it
Ration her ... on sixty-nine.

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

Chorus:

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home.

Hummm it

Actions alone with no words.

Verse:

I looked over Jordan
And what did I see
Coming for to carry me home
A band of angels
Coming after me
Coming for to carry me home.

Repeat chorus.

(Actions are many and varied and can only be
learned in a state of inebriation).

THE SIXTY-NINE COMES DOWN THE TRACK (When Johnny comes marching home)

The sixty-nine comes down the track
She blows, she blows
The sixty-nine comes down the track
She blows, she blows
The sixty-nine comes down the track
Blows half way here and half way back
She blows, she blows
The son-of-a bitch she blows.

The engineer is at the throttle
Screwing himself with a bottle

The fireman sat at the bench
And tightened his nuts with a monkey wrench

The lady in the dining car
Screwing herself with a big cigar

THE ALPHABET

A is for ass holes all covered in hair
Heigh ho said Rolly
B is the bugger that wishes he were there
With a roolly polly
Up'em and stuff'em
Heigh ho said Anthony Rolly.

C is for cunt all warmed up for play
D is the drunkard who gave it a kiss.

E is for eunuch with only one ball
F is for fucker with no balls at all.

G is for gonorrhea, goitre, and gout
H is for harlot that spread it about.

I is injection for clap, pox, and itch
J is for jerk of a dog on a bitch.

K is for king who thought screwing a bore
L is for lesbian who came back for more.

M is for maidenhead tattered and torn
N is for noble who died with a horn.

O is for orifice gently revealed
P is for peckers all pranged up and peeled.

Q is for quaker who shit in his hat
R is for Roger who rogered the cat.

S is the piss pot all full to the brim
T is the turds that are floating within.

U is the usher who taught us at school
V is the virgin who played with her cunt.

W is the whore who thought buggery a farce
X, Y, and Z you can stuff up your arse.

THE CIVILS ARE IN TOWN AGAIN

The civils are in town again
Run girls run
Down from the hills we come
Run girls run
We'll give you all we got
Our pants are steaming hot.

The civils are in town again
Chase men chase
We're out to copulate around the place
None of the sexual play
We'll make it all our way.

Yes the civils are in town again
Surge girls surge
We've got that itchy biological urge
We'll chalk up all our wins
Down where the hair begins.

The civils are in town again
Go boys go
Tell all those Ivy leaguers
No boys no
We'll put that Indian sign
On every girl's behind.

The civils are in town again
Down girls down
Try not to pause girls
Just lift up your gown
We've got that knowledge, men
They lay down for college men
'Cause the civils are in town again.

THE MAILMAN

I am happy, I am gay
I come each and every day
I am your mailman.

I knock your knocker
I ring your bell
Don't you think that I am swell
I am your mailman.

I can come in any kind of weather
Don't you know my bag is made of leather
I don't mess with doors or locks
I just slip it in your box
I am your mailman

THE MORE VULGAR MINDED

She went for a ride in a Morgan
The chauffer was named Sonny Jim
He fooled with her sexual organ
The more vulgar minded say QUIM.

Now she had a figure imperial
And men beat a path to her box
But she came down with sickness venereal
The more vulgar minded say POX.

Her efforts got honourable mention
There wasn't a man she could scorn
One look and they came to attention
The more vulgar minded say HORN.

They would drown just watching her make water
'Twas a spectacle charming to see
She could leak for a mile and a quarter
The more vulgar minded say PEE.

One night the Good Fairy came riding
And offered a wish to the lass
While she sat on her buttocks deciding
The more vulgar minded say ASS.

She said, "If I were built like an elephant
Up to heaven I'd go
I'd sit on the edge of creation
And drop turds on the buggers below.

In spite of the slimmest of chances
She's passed over those heavenly walls
And now she is Belle of the Dances
The more vulgar minded say BALLS.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the place
The Engineers were acting
With usual disgrace.

The cops were all hammered
From their Christmas Drunk
So the Engineers figured
Twas time for a stunt.

The nurses were all nestled
All snug in their beds
While visions on Engineers
Danced in their heads.

The nightgowns were hung
On the bedposts with care
In hopes that the Engineers
Soon would be there.

The guard on the can
A jolly old chap
Had just settled down
For a long soothing crap.

When what their
Wondering eyes should appear
But a buss full of Engineers
Loaded with beer.

And the little driver
So like a duck
They figured the midget
Must be Klimchuk.

They came through the windows
They crashed down the doors
They knew what they wanted
They went to the drawers.

They ransacked each room
Down every hall
The Engineers really
Were having a ball.

The guard came out
And yelled through the noise
"Now stop this
All you horny boys."

He phoned up the cops
To tell them his plight
Too bad for him
The cops were all tight.

And in a flash
Out the doors they did fly
With panties in hand
And waving goodbye.

With a shout and a roar
They vanished from sight
Merry Christmas to all
And to all a good night.

THE WILD WEST SHOW

Chorus:

We are off to see the wild west show
With the elephants and the kangaroos
No matter what the weather
As long as we're together
We're off to see the wild west show.

Ladies and Gentleman: In the far ring we have
the OO OO AA AA bird.

(Crowd:) OOOH fantastic incredible, what the
hell is an OO OO AA AA bird?

The OO OO AA AA bird is a rare and exotic
bird found in the deserts of Australia. It
has three foot legs and four foot testicles,
and every time it lands, it goes OO OO AA AA.

L & G giraffe
(Crowd:)

The giraffe from the Savannas of Africa is
the only animal that can walk into a bar and
say, "The high-balls are on me."

L & G wherethefuckarewe tribe
(Crowd:)

This is a tribe of four foot pigmies found in
deepest darkest Africa that walks through
five foot high grass shouting:
"Where the fuck are we?
Where the fuck are we?"

L & G orangutan bird
(Crowd:)

The orangutan bird is found in the mountains
of Africa. It's left ball is made of steel
and it's right ball is made of copper. Every
time it lands, it goes oran-gu-tan,
oran-gu-tan.

L & G rhinoceros
(Crowd:)

The rhinoceros is reputed to be the richest
animal in the world. It's name is derived
from the Latin -- rhino meaning money and
soreass meaning piles. Hence -- piles of
money.

L & G kerii bird
(Crowd:)

The kerrii bird lives north of the Arctic
Circle. Every time it comes in to land on the
ice it says, "Kerii kerii ker-ist it's cold."

L & G winky wank bird
(Crowd:)

By some strange evolutionary occurrence, the
nervous system of this bird's eyelids is
connected to its foreskin. Every time it
winks, it wanks and every time it wanks, it
winks.

THE WINNIPEG WHORE

My first trip to the Chippeway River
My first trip to the Canadian shore
There I met a young Miss Flannagan
Commonly known as the Winnipeg Whore
Commonly known as the Winnipeg Whore.

"Well", says she to me, "I think high of you
Let me sit upon your knee
A dollar and a half is the usual fee
A dollar and a half is the usual fee."

Well, I took her arm; she led me quickly
To the place she used for sleep
Dirty old room with a straw-filled mattress
Wasn't too clean but sure was cheap
Wasn't too clean but sure was cheap.

She was as slick as a slippery elm,
I didn't know what she was about
'Till I missed my watch and my wallet
"Holly Moses" I cried out
"Holly Moses" I cried out.

Then up ran the whores and the sons-of-bitches
Up to the tune of forty or more
Left my clothes and shoes and britches
And went a-hightailin' outa that door
And went a-hightailin' outa that door.

Yes, In Winnipeg I learned my lesson
I learned it good 'cause I learned it there
If you gotta visit a Winnipeg whore
Better make sure that you visit her bare
Better make sure that you visit her bare.

THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE

Oh I put my finger in a woodpecker's
hole
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul
Take it out, take it out, take it out,
REMOVE IT"

So I took my finger from the woodpecker's
hole
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul
Put it back, put it back, put it back,
INSERT IT"

So I inserted my finger in the woodpecker's
hole
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul
Turn it 'round, turn it 'round, turn it 'round
ROTATE IT"

So I rotated my finger in the woodpecker's
hole
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul
Speed it up, speed it up, speed it up
ACCELERATE IT"

So I accelerated my finger in the woodpecker's
hole
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul
Other way, other way, other way
REVERSE IT"

So I reversed my finger in the woodpecker's
hole
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul
Stroke it in, stroke it in, stroke it in
OSCILLATE IT"

So I oscillated my finger in the woodpecker's
hole
And the woodpecker said, "Well bless my soul
Take it out, take it out, take it out
REMOVE IT
I'VE HAD ENOUGH"

THREE ARTSIE FARTS (Three Blind Mice)

Three artsie farts, three artsie farts
See how they run, see how they run
They all ran after the artsman's wife
She cut off their nuts with a carving knife
Did you ever see such fags in your life
As three artsie farts, three artsie farts.

THREE GERMAN SOLDIERS

Three german soldiers crossed the Rhine
taboo taboo
Three german soldiers crossed the Rhine
taboo taboo
Three german soldiers crossed the Rhine
Fucked the women and drank the wine
taboo taboo tickle my ass taboo.

They came upon a wayside inn
Kicked the fucking door right in

The innkeeper had a daughter fair
With lily white tits and long blonde hair

They laid her on a feather bed
Fucked her 'till she was damn near dead

The innkeeper said for shame for shame
So they fucked her back to life again

And now she lives in London town
She'll suck you off for half a crown

Three german soldiers went to hell
And fucked the women there as well

The moral of this story is
Never get fucked in a feather bed

THREE OLD WHORES FROM WATERLOO

Three old whores from Waterloo
Were drinking cherry wine
Says one of them to the other two
"Yours is smaller than mine."

Chorus:

So take up the sheik me hearties
Water the docks with piss
Bend the oars, you lousy whores
None is bigger than mine.

"You're a liar", says the second old whore
"Mine's as big as the sea
The battle ships sail in and out
And never a bother to me."

"You're a liar", says the third old whore
"Mine's as big as the moon,
The battle ships sail in on the first of the year
And never come out 'till June."

"You're a liar", says the first again
"Mine's as big as the air
The battle ships sail in and out
They never tickle a hair."

"You're a liar", says the second again
"Mine is bigger than all
For many the ships that sail right in
And never come out at all."

TOM BOLEYN

Tom Boleyn was a Scotsman born
His shoes was thin, his breeches torn
His fly held closed by the point of a pin
"It makes for speed," says Tom Boleyn

Chorus:

Tom Boleyn, Tom Boleyn, Tom Boleyn hi ho

Tom Boleyn went a-courting one night
The mother and daughter they stripped from
fright
Screamed and scratched in their naked skin
"I'll marry you both", says Tom Boleyn.

One night returning to his journey's end
He found his wife in bed with a friend
The weather was cold, the blankets thin
"I'll sleep in the middle", says Tom Boleyn

He went to church just once in his life
When they preached against laying with
another man's wife
They call it a shame, they call it a sin
"But it keeps 'em happy", says Tom Boleyn.

Now Tom Boleyn had a mangy cur
With a ratty tail and matted fur
He lay like dead 'till a bitch came in
"It's Lazarus risen", says Tom Boleyn.

Now Tom Boleyn he needed a coat
He borrowed a skin from a neighboring goat
The horns at his middle he said with a grin
"I wish they were mine", says Tom Boleyn.

But the goat skin itched 'till his skin was
sore.

He vowed he wouldn't wear it no more
Skinny sid out and woolly side in
"I'll go bare-ass", says Tom Boleyn.

**NATIONAL ENGINEERING
BOOK OF SONG AND VERSE**